

A Cambridge Maryland girl, sweet as cherry pie,
Worked every day in a hot crab picking house;
All that she made was for food and rent,

As she walked to work one day;
An jumping crying preacher saw her
And whispered softly to her

Come out to my church on Sunday
Give your life and money to god
and you well not walk along

Five years have sailed by, her health gone,
She is no more like a sweet cherry pie,
she walks alone to the crab house

In her cold house in her slept
She dreams of warm summer nights

Walking to the crab house on a hot day
She sees the jumping crying preacher
Riding in a new Buick with a new sweet girl

Girls fall this way every day
because
Boss's pay starvation wages
and jumping crying preachers
That takes their small wages from them

My songs, my prayers
Linking them creates my life story
Barry Wyatt Jr.